To ſquare for this: would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeede.
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demetrius. Nor me ſo I were one.
Aron. For ſhame be friends, and ioine for that you iar,
'Tis pollicie and ſtratageme muſt doo
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchiue,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of mee, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Than this *Lauinia*, *Baſcianus* loue.
A ſpeedier courſe this lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords a ſolemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louelie Romane Ladies troope:
The forreſt walks are wide and ſpatious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words,
This waie or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſſe with her ſacred wit
To villanie and vengeance conſecrate,
VVill we acquaint withall what we intend,
And ſhee ſhall file our engines with aduiſe,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelues,
But to your wiſhes hight aduaunce you both.
The Emperours Court is like the houſe of fame,
The Pallace full of tongues, of eies, and eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There ſpeake, and ſtrike braue boies, and take your turns,
There ſerue your luſt ſhadowed from heauens eie,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treaſurie.
Chiron. Thy counſell Lad ſmels of no cowardize.
Demetrius. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the ſtreame,

To coole this heate, a charme to calme the
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor.

Enter Titus Andronicus, *and his thr*
making a noiſe with hounds & horn
Titus. The hunt is vp the Moone is bri
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are gr
Vncouple here, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louelie B
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters
That all the Court may eccho with the noi
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perſon carefullie
I haue beene troubled in my ſleepe this nig
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpirde

Here a crie of Hounds, and winde hornes i
enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſcianus, Lau
Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Titus. Many good morrowes to your Ma
Madam to you as many, and as good,
I promiſed your Grace a Hunters peale.
Saturnine. And you haue rung it luſtilie n
Somewhat too earlie for new married Ladie
Baſcianus. *Lauinia*, how ſay you?
Laui. I ſay no: I haue been broad awake, tw
Saturnine. Come on then, horſe and Chariot
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee,
Our Romane hunting.
Marcus. I haue Dogges my Lord,
VVill rouze the prowdeſt Panther in the C
And clime the higheſt promontarie topp.
Titus. And I haue horſe will follow where